

The Evening World.

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THE OUTCAST.

THE mental processes of the purblind Prussian mind are incomprehensible to the rest of the world. Whether the recent demonstrations of the Berlin Government are the product of kultur or barbarity, of craftiness or clumsiness, of treachery or idiocy, is now immaterial. They have resulted in alienating the friendship and extinguishing the sparks of sympathy that once glowed among neutral nations.

Not long since the United States had hopes of world peace re-established without victory, of nations at war restored without loss of honor or esteem. But Prussian domination seems to be doing everything within its power to estrange the world from it, turn friends into foes and neutrals into enemies.

Time is a great healer. It had already served to scar over in some degree the scars inflicted by the early outrages of war. American public opinion had become less acute at the ruthless invasion of Belgium, believing that restoration in some degree could be accomplished after the war. Horror over the sinking of the Lusitania had been soothed by processes of diplomatic adjustment. The United States three months ago extended the hand of fellowship to all belligerents without discrimination. And what was Germany's return?

Within forty fateful days the aberrated Prussian mind that rules Germany has responded with four blows to America that have completely severed every shred of sympathy formerly existing in this country.

1. Repudiation as a scrap of paper of the pledge that submarine attacks without warning should cease.
2. Lusitania horrors renewed by sinking of the Laconia and other ships, killing American citizens.
3. Treacherous attempts to incite Mexico and Japan to attack the United States.
4. Subsidizing plotters with money to commit crimes of many kinds in this country.

An individual found guilty of these acts would have merited capital punishment. For a great government like Germany to acknowledge and seek to justify such perfidy places it beyond the pale of civilization, brands it as a leper among nations and renders it an outcast from association with decent people of the world.

Were the facts not admitted it would seem incredible that any government, composed of men of reputed ability and respectability, could conceive of such inane and hopelessly futile devices. They savor of the strategy of the Black Hand and the plots of cat side gangsters.

That the recognized administration of a world power should seek to embroil us in strife with a neighboring country we are trying to help is a crime against the highest code of honor among nations. But to open its purse to every stripe of cheap gunman, dynamite thug or oily skinned plotter of impossible revolts is an amazing revelation of the depths to which a government has fallen.

The magnificence of the German war machine, the valor of its soldiers, the heroic sacrifices of its people at home, are almost nullified in the esteem of the world by the monumental blunders of the Prussian oligarchy that rules in Berlin. The hymn of hatred will now be sung by those who would have been sympathetic in the hours of final settlement.

What doctrine of logic produced such senseless deductions, what processes of reasoning evolved such aberrations of mind, what school of psychology so misjudged the normal opinion of the world, what diplomacy devised blunders so stupid, is beyond understanding.

For the German people there still is in America friendly feeling and kindly sympathy. For the Prussian mind that dominates them and their government, all belief in its word, all confidences in its integrity, all trust in its honor, is gone.

A FORUM OF AMERICANISM.

HOW to make the American Melting Pot boil in this great cosmopolitan New York and hasten the processes of national assimilation has long been a problem. Theorists have discussed it, sociologists have dabbled in it, professors have written books about it. But the great lump of alien residents in the metropolis remained untouched—foreigners still to American ideals and nationality.

We have seen dinners of the rich advertising doctrines of brotherhood, conferences of learned men debating what ought to be done, and meetings of social uplifters proposing programmes for some one else to carry out. All these endeavors merely skirted the fringe of our alien territory. The hearts, the spirit, the interests of its vast population were not reached.

The Melting Pot merely simmered. Nobody built a red hot fire under it.

Two months ago The Evening World proposed and established an American Forum for the purpose of arousing the interest of every foreign born resident, and the children of foreign parents particularly, in American institutions, American government and American citizenship.

In various school houses of the east side, kindly loaned by the Board of Education, meetings of this Forum have been held during the past few weeks. The assembly halls have not been large enough to accommodate the thousands of people seeking admission. The Judges, city officials and public spirited citizens who volunteered their services for addresses of instruction have faced wonderfully responsive audiences, that eagerly absorbed every word of the doctrines of Americanism.

The foreign born is hungry for knowledge of America, anxious to assimilate its spirit and hopeful to join in its citizenship. Never have the school houses of the metropolis been put to more valuable auxiliary service than in opening their doors to this new Forum of Americanism.

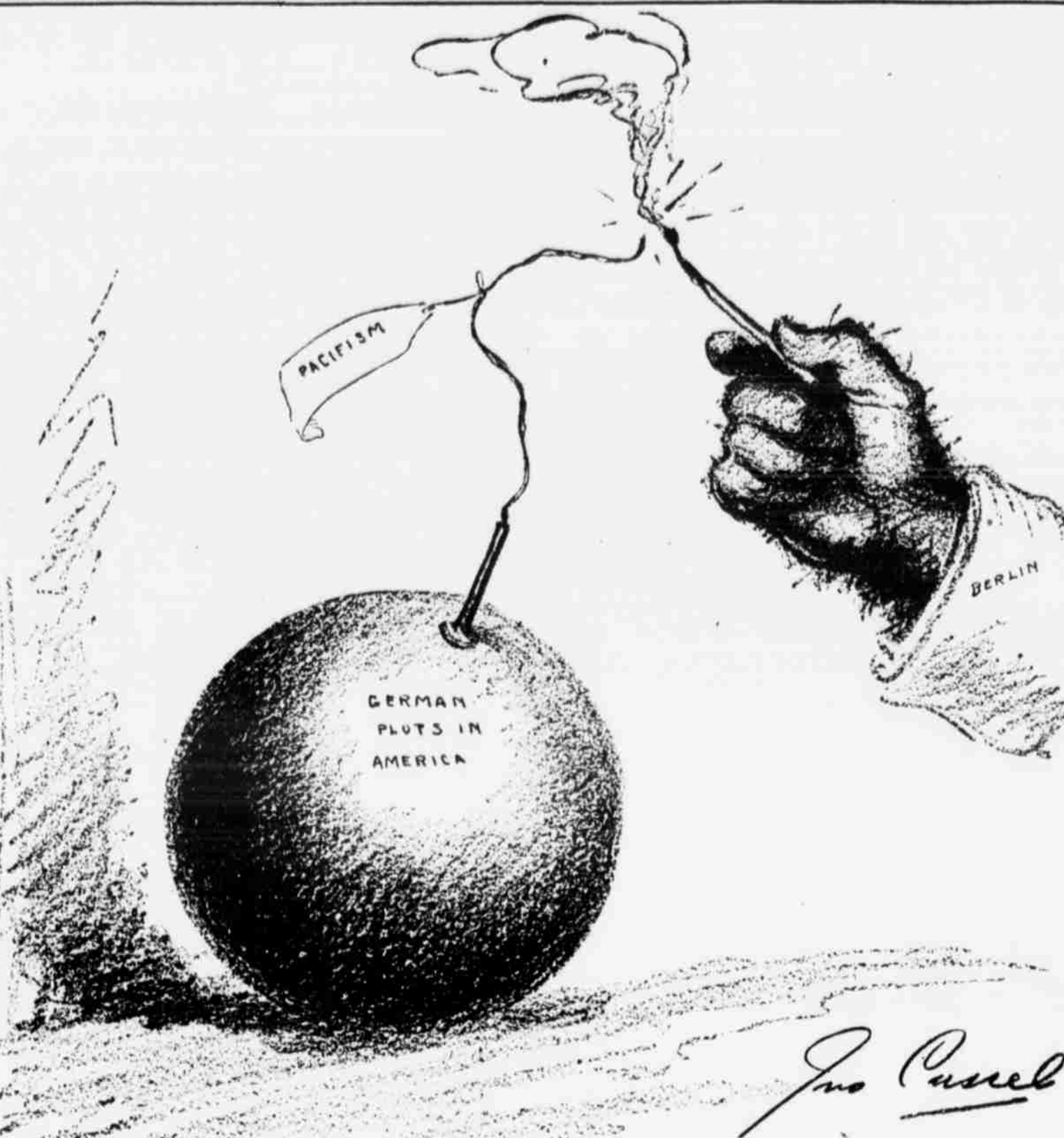
Here at last the Melting Pot is boiling and absorbing all races of our population into one greater and better citizenship of the United States.

Columbia University's red-blooded students, coming here of the fanatical fads and fumes that recently have advertised quite unfavorably that institution is a hopeful sign of Americanism at last in action.

The Fuse!

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By J. H. Cassel



Courtesy the True Magic in Business Building

Man Who Makes Friends for His Firm Is the One
Who Helps to Pay the Dividends—A Short
Answer Turns Away Customers and
Boosts Competitors' Sales.

By James C. Young.

GET a card? "What do you want to see him about?" "He's not in." How often do these brusque sentences turn customers away? The man at the door frequently yields more influence than the President in his office, and business executives who have the ability to see things are beginning to choose that man with special care. But it is unfortunately true that the duty of receiving callers in the average office is too often delegated to some sharp-featured, cross-spoken individual who will make more enemies for the firm in a day than the whole organization can gain.

And there is another large class of business concerns which seem to feel that the caller is an enemy who must be forestalled at any cost. Apparently such firms proceed on the theory that most of their visitors are lightning rod agents. But to one crank there are a dozen men who have matters deserving the attention of some one in authority, and it is much better policy to interview a few cranks than to miss the opportunity that the hundredth man may present.

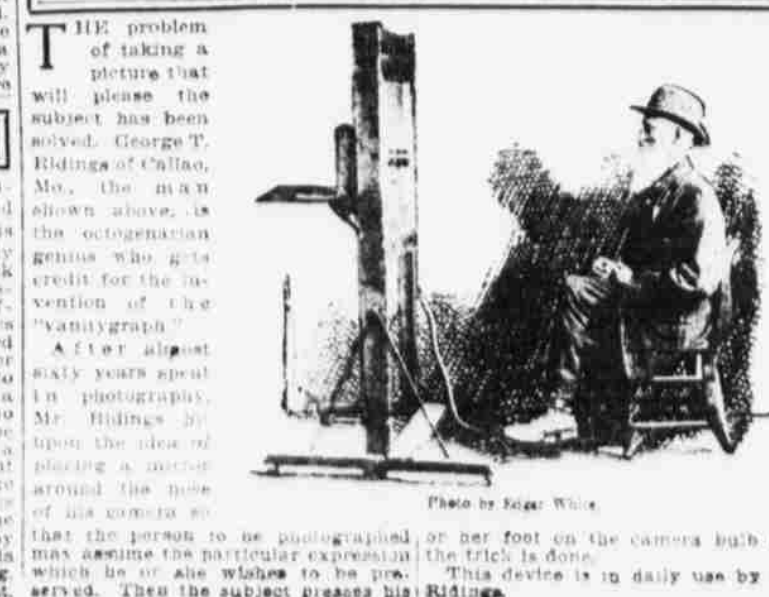
Courtesy is the golden thread running through the fabric of success. Consider for a moment the satisfaction of calling upon a business house where a friendly reception is extended by a man who greets the visitor with a show of interest in his business. He saves time and trouble, and gains good will for the house by placing the caller in communication with the proper departmental head. Where the interviewer wishes to see a high official of the company, it is a simple thing to find in a tactful way the nature of his errand. But there

Heaven never helps the man who will not act.—Sophocles.

"Vanitygraph" Is Art's New Aid

THE problem of taking a picture that will please the subject has been solved. George P. Ridings of Caliao, Mo., the man shown above, is the originator of the "Vanitygraph."

After almost sixty years spent in photography, Mr. Ridings, by using the idea of placing a mirror around the nose of his camera so that the person to be photographed or her foot on the camera bulb and may assume the particular expression which he or she wishes to be preserved. Then the subject presses his



American business houses caught the fad of the uniform. Wherever the visitor went, he was met by a man in brass buttons who made him feel that he was a suspected individual. There is something about a uniform that ruins the American character the wrong way. It is a symbol of Prussianism.

Although the uniformed attaché still is a familiar figure in American business, his day is passing. There are certain fields in which the uniformed dignitary suits like the old man of the sea on the shoulders of the American public. That is particularly true of savings banks, where it appears to be the uniformed floorman's special duty to annoy the bank's clients.

Courtesy and efficiency are twin virtues. One overlaps the other. A few days

ago the writer stepped into a stationery store not far from Park Row for the purpose of buying a book that was priced at \$1. It was twenty minutes of six, and the clerk plainly showed his impatience to have done with it. At fifteen minutes of six he locked the door, and during the two or three minutes that elapsed between then and the writer's departure, two men tried unsuccessfully to open that door. Both were waved away with impatient gesture. One sale was lost, two prospective buyers were locked out and three persons made unfriendly toward the store. So much for courtesy.

There is no affair or relation of business where courtesy will not pay. The man who said that courtesy was cheap made a mistake. It is invaluable.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"WHAT day is it?" asked Mrs. Jarr, pushing at the door. "It's Friday," said Mr. Jarr. Whereat Mrs. Jarr shipped off her best hat and put it carefully away again. "Oh, gee!" said Mr. Jarr, disconsolately, "are we going to be held up again? Are you going to make another change of costume?" "Certainly," said Mrs. Jarr. "Do you think I'd wear my new hat for the first time on Friday? Why, it would be sure to rain!"

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Jarr. "I can't afford a new hat every day like some women can," said Mrs. Jarr, "and I can't afford to take the risk. Why, it would just ruin the Bird of Paradise on it. This hat will do!" And she hauled out a box of "mighty size" from beneath the bed and brought out her second best lid.

"These plumes look good, too," said Mr. Jarr. "Aren't you afraid of spoiling them, too? Because it's Friday, you know, and it's SURE to rain."

This was sarcasm, but it was lost on Mrs. Jarr.

"If you think it's going to rain," said Mr. Jarr, taking an umbrella from the rack, "I'll take this along."

"Oh, please, please, please! Don't open an umbrella in the house!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "It's terrible bad luck!" "Look here," said Mr. Jarr, "if you are going to torment with these foolish old superstitions, go ahead and do it, but don't be springing them on me, for I don't believe in one of them." Nevertheless, he closed the umbrella hastily.

"I never was one bit superstitious, and you know it!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Except, of course, about spilling salt at the table, that means a fight; or walking under a ladder, or breaking a looking-glass."

"Walking under a ladder isn't so uniquely as it's dangerous," said Mr. Jarr, "and new mirrors cost money, so breaking them is uniquely from that way of looking at it. But why you should think it will rain simply because it is Friday, gets me."

"I don't say it would rain, I said it MIGHT rain," said Mrs. Jarr. "I think it's Mrs. Hangle who has gotten me so upset over those things. I never saw such a superstitious woman. She is always snaking wishes and knocking

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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Culinary Number.

THE colder the wind of indifference you blow upon a man's love the higher you fan the flames—but you can smother it to death with kisses.



The heart of a youth of twenty is like a scrambled egg—mixed and mushy; the heart of a man of thirty resembles a fried egg, which is tender in the middle and slightly frazzled around the edges; but the heart of a man of forty is hard-boiled.

A woman's tears are a salt of love. A little weeping may flavor it, but no man can endure being steeped in brine.

Roasting a husband never made him more tender; and constant stewing takes all the life and strength out of his sentiment.

A half-baked love affair is as unattractive to a woman of sentiment and experience as an underdone chop to an epicure.

The love of a husband is like a lamp, which requires plenty of oil and constant attention; but the heart of a seasoned bachelor flames only when it is steeped in alcohol. It requires two cocktails to get one tender speech or one lukewarm compliment out of him.

Every man who would shudder at an underdone biscuit will swallow an overdone compliment with relish—and hint for more!

For success in love, as in cooking, common sense, intuition and practice count more than all the theory in the world. For a happy marriage or a wretched divorce there is no infallible recipe; and you can only tell whether you have guessed right or not by the way in which it turns out.

Love is a salad into which a wise woman pours enough oil and sugar to counteract the vinegar; matrimony is more like a canned soup, which must be warmed over every day.

Successful Salesmanship

By H. J. Barrett

Securing an Interview.

"WILLIAM JAMES, the psychologist, used to claim that if one would tell a good joke or a cheerful story at breakfast, the smile engendered by it would put one in the proper frame of mind to meet the day's events," said a salesman.

"His idea was that it was a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways, and that just as one's feelings affected his facial expression, so could one's expression influence his mental attitude."

"I believe this implicitly. And, furthermore, I assert that for a salesman, it is a vital factor in achieving success. To radiate a cheerful atmosphere will not, of itself, sell any goods. But it will gain a hearing, and that's a mighty point covered preliminarily by securing an order for a prospect's office. The latter promptly

adopts a defensive attitude; says that he's not interested in the proposition, and, without actually requesting that the salesman depart, plainly implies that he wishes him to.

"Right here is where the latter shows his mettle. If he leaves, he is beaten. If he remains only at the cost of antagonizing the customer, he's heavily handicapped in the impending battle of wits. He must contrive to stay without offending the prospect."

"How can he accomplish this apparent impossibility? Simply by a cheerful, courteous persistence, which is so good-natured that it disarms indignation, and yet firm enough to achieve its purpose."

"The salesman must continue to explain his project, with the hope that his obvious friendliness and utter lack of wish to offend will so affect the listener that before he can summon up sufficient resolution to squelch him his interest is riveted by some point covered, and the first barrier thus surmounted."

"Start the day with a smile is my advice to salesmen. It means interviews, and interviews mean dollars."

According to St. Christopher legend, in spite of these prospects of a brilliant social life Rachael objected to marrying Mr. Levine. But the girl was young, the man persistent, and her mother on his side. After a few weeks the mother had her way and Rachael became Mrs. Levine. The young couple remained together two years. Then Rachael returned to her mother's home and refused to go back to her husband.

It was a few years later that Rachael, acknowledged the most beautiful and accomplished woman of the island, met young James Hamilton, just come over from Scotland. It was from this union of Scot and Huguenot that Alexander Hamilton sprang.

Traveling, it is said, before Alexander was six years old that he was something more than brilliant, Rachael determined to get for him every possible advantage. When she became too poor to hire a tutor she taught him herself, and impressed on him the fact that he was brilliantly gifted and must carve out for himself a great career.

She is said to have died in the arms of her son, then but a boy in his early teens, and with her last breath assured him of her faith in his success, and her promise that she would live long enough to witness his achievements.

And out they went in quest of tallies on Friday.

"How was that?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Well, she said I was married and had two children and was very generous and kind-hearted and had much to annoy me, but everything would come out all right."

"Where are we going?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why, there's a bargain sale of Good Luck Fairy Statuettes," said Mrs. Jarr, "and I want to get one. Mrs. Stryker says they brought her good luck since she's got rid of that crooked neck and she was not to live long enough to witness his achievements."

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To-Day's Anniversary

ON a Sunday morning fifty-five years ago to-day a queer little craft that looked like a cheese box on a raft gave battle in Hampton Roads to an ironclad vessel five times her size, and inflicted a defeat on the big ship that effected a revolution in naval warfare. The victor was the Monitor, built by John Ericsson, a Swedish engineer and inventor, who made use of the design for a revolving turret, which had been invented by Theodore R. M. Timby.

Ericsson was born in Sweden in 1809 and entered the Swedish army in his youth, attaining the rank of captain and achieving fame as an engineer. While still a young man he removed to England and made numerous inventions, notably that of artificial draught, which is still in use on locomotives. When the Manchester and Liverpool Railway offered a prize for the most efficient locomotive, his machine won the prize by attaining the remarkable speed of fifty miles an hour.

His most important invention was the screw propeller for steamships, having been unable to interest the British Admiralty in this invention, he came to America, and in 1841 was engaged in the construction of the first American screw-propellered steamship, the Great Western, which was the first steamship ever built in America.

This side of the Atlantic was built by him, and he made numerous other inventions, notably that of artificial draught, which is still in use on locomotives. When the Manchester and Liverpool Railway offered a prize for the most efficient locomotive, his machine won the prize by attaining the remarkable speed of fifty miles an hour.